

Also, petition of citizens of the State of Idaho, favoring passage of bill providing for building of one battleship in a Government navy yard; to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

By Mr. FULLER: Petition of the Colson Clothing Co., of Mendota, Ill., in opposition to the establishment of a parcel-post service; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

By Mr. HAMMOND: Petition of L. M. Larson and 45 others, of Hardwick, Minn., urging investigation of certain alleged combinations of coal dealers, as requested by City Council of Two Harbors, Mich.; to the Committee on Rules.

By Mr. LINDBERGH: Petition of residents of Cass Lake, Minn., for investigation of an alleged combination existing between coal dealers; to the Committee on Rules.

Also, petition of residents of Browerville, Minn., protesting against parcel-post legislation; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

By Mr. MARTIN of Colorado: Memorial of Grand Junction Trades and Labor Assembly of Grand Junction, Colo., against Senate bill 3175, to regulate the immigration of aliens to and the residence of aliens in the United States; to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

Also, petition of citizens of State of Colorado, in favor of House bill 13114, by Mr. BERGER, to provide old-age pensions; to the Committee on Pensions.

Also, petition of citizens of State of Colorado, in favor of House bill 16313, providing for the erection of an American Indian memorial and museum building in the city of Washington; to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

By Mr. MARTIN of South Dakota: Petition of residents of Reliance, S. Dak., in favor of House bill 21225 and opposing House bill 18493; to the Committee on Agriculture.

Also, petition of Black Hills Pomona Grange, No. 3, Patrons of Husbandry, for a general parcel-post system, etc.; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

Also, petition of residents of Leola, S. Dak., for passage of the Kenyon-Sheppard interstate liquor bill; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petition of residents of Hot Springs, S. Dak., for construction of one battleship in a Government navy yard; to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

By Mr. MORGAN: Petitions of residents of Oklahoma City, Okla., second congressional district, requesting that a clause be inserted in this year's naval appropriation bill providing for the building of one battleship in a Government navy yard; to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

Also, petitions numerous signed, from the second congressional district, State of Oklahoma, asking for the passage of the Kenyon-Sheppard bill (S. 4043 and H. R. 16214); to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petition of citizens of the second congressional district, State of Oklahoma, asking for the establishment of a parcel post; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

Also, petition of the homesteaders of McAlister, Quay County, N. Mex., asking for the passage of the Borah homestead bill; to the Committee on the Public Lands.

Also, petition of citizens of the second congressional district of the State of Oklahoma, protesting against the passage of a parcel post; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

By Mr. MOSS of Indiana: Petition of residents of Terre Haute, Ind., for old-age pensions; to the Committee on Pensions.

By Mr. MOTT: Petition of residents of Cape Vincent, N. Y., protesting against House bill 18788; to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

Also, petition of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, favoring change in the navigation laws of the United States to enable us to buy ships in the cheapest market and operate them on a competitive basis with other nations; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

By Mr. PLUMLEY: Petitions of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Methodist Episcopal Church of Benson and the Baptist Church of West Wardsboro, Vt., for passage of the Kenyon-Sheppard interstate liquor bill; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Also, petition of citizens of Randolph, Montpelier, and Northfield, Vt., protesting against House bill 9433; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

Also, petitions of Vermont State Branch, Federation of Labor, and Barre (Vt.) Branch, International Granite Cutters' Association, for investigation into production, transportation, and sale of coal, etc.; to the Committee on Rules.

By Mr. RAKER: Papers to accompany House bill 23269; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. WILSON of New York: Memorial of the New York delegation to the National Rivers and Harbors Congress relative to development of waterways within the State of New York; to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, April 14, 1912.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon, and was called to order by Mr. TAGGART as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father in heaven, glorify the service which brings us together on this peaceful Sabbath day by Thy holy presence, that we may be purified, exalted, ennobled.

We thank Thee for the life, character, and achievements of the Member in whose memory we are assembled. Grant that they may be written in characters of light on the pages of history, that others may read and be inspired to useful and noble lives. We mourn his loss, but are comforted in the thought that he still lives in some higher, nobler existence. Be this the solace to the bereaved wife and to those to whom he was bound by the ties of kinship:

"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of Saturday, April 13, 1912, was read and approved.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE MADISON.

Mr. CAMPBELL. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 493.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. EDMOND H. MADISON, late a Member of this House from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. CAMPBELL. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. CAMPBELL. Mr. Speaker, I have asked that the usual business of the House be suspended to-day for the sad purpose of paying a last tribute to a former Member of this House, EDMOND H. MADISON.

Judge MADISON was born in Illinois in 1865. He came of a sturdy and religious stock. His father and mother had been pioneers in a new country. They knew by experience what it was to come in contact with plain and hard conditions. Judge MADISON inherited from his parents a rugged character. He had decisive notions about the duties of a citizen. He was plain in his tastes, honest in his beliefs, modest in his ambitions, and decidedly practical in all his methods. I have rarely known a man in public life who had a more accurate idea of the duties of a man in high station than Congressman MADISON.

He came here from the bench. There he had exercised the authority of a judge. On the bench he was in action every day. He was the central figure in the court. His opinions were announced from the time the court convened in the morning until it adjourned in the evening, and were only subject to reversal or revision by the supreme court. It is said of his judgments that they were usually right. This mode of life for a number of years gratified that ambition that most men of ability and capacity possess.

He entered the House of Representatives, as I say, after a long service on the bench. He was more or less disappointed in the first few months of his service here. There was a lack of that exercise of power and authority to which he had been accustomed on the bench. He talked about it freely. I do not violate any confidences when I say that he often talked of quitting Congress and again resuming the practice of the law, with the ultimate idea of once more ascending the bench. But, being conscientious in the performance of his duties here, as elsewhere, he devoted himself to his work, and, one step after another, he found himself becoming more and more interested in and connected with the work of the House. I do not say what I am about to say in disparagement of any man who enters this House as a new Member; but it is rare that a man with so short a service as EDMOND H. MADISON has acquired the position in this House that he had at the hour of his death.

On the 18th day of September last ED. MADISON, in his home in Dodge City, arose at the usual hour and apparently in his

usual health. He had been enjoying a few weeks with his friends and his constituents throughout the district. Everywhere he was met with their plaudits and a cordial approval of his public career. He was having commendation not only from his own district and State but from the people throughout the entire country. It is needless to say in this condition of public attitude toward him he felt serene as to his political future. The future looked exceptionally bright.

He was happy among his people and had the confidence and esteem of them all. He was especially devoted to his wife and children—a devotion they fully returned—and on the morning of his untimely death, within three minutes before he expired, he was playing joyfully and gleefully, romping about the house, with a grandchild. The morning meal was announced, he seated himself in his usual place at the table, a few words of conversation were exchanged, and in an instant his head dropped forward, and before his wife could reach his side life had gone and EDMOND H. MADISON entered the portals of death.

He had a hope that reaches beyond this life. He came not only from a rugged stock, but a religious stock, and with him we all indulge the hope in which he indulged, that in some other sphere he is to-day fulfilling the mission of his life.

Whatever is so universal as death must be a blessing.

Mr. RUSSELL. Mr. Speaker, as his former associates and friends in this House we meet to-day to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of EDMOND H. MADISON. It is fitting—yes; more; it is a sacred duty—that we who knew him whose name is now enrolled amongst the dead should bear public testimony to his qualities and character.

Some have spoken and others may speak of their long acquaintance with him, of his private life, and professional career prior to his service in Congress, but I did not know him till I met him here on the opening day of the Sixtieth Congress; and what I shall say must be based upon my information of him obtained since that time.

But, Mr. Speaker, since our acquaintance began few, if any, had better opportunities to observe the character of his private life or to know better than I the value of his public services. We entered Congress together, and with our respective families lived at the same hotel in this city during the sessions of the House. We at once became warm friends, and frequently enjoyed friendly, social, and confidential intercourse.

Judge MADISON was an honest, industrious, and a faithful Representative of his constituents. To serve them well and acceptably was his paramount purpose and his highest ambition, and to the fact that he succeeded well I, as his friend of a sister State, am glad to add to-day my testimony to that of his friends and colleagues of his own State.

By his industry and his close attention to his official duties he soon became recognized as one of the useful Members of the House, and by reason of his ability, sound judgment, and forcefulness in debate he later became a recognized leader of the House. His originality of thought, his independence of action, and his fearlessness in defending his position and in advocating the principles for which he stood won alike the confidence, the admiration, and the respect of both his political friends and foes.

I trust it will not be considered inappropriate for me to state that in the last extended conversation I had with him he very earnestly expressed his profound regret that the wing of the Republican Party of which he was a leader, known as "Insurgents," had failed to embrace what he believed was their greatest opportunity for exerting an important influence in constructive legislation and statesmanship when they failed to stand as a body by President Taft in his advocacy of the Canadian reciprocity bill. That was soon after its passage by Congress, and was, of course, before it was known or expected that it would be defeated by the Canadian Government.

Judge MADISON's death, instantaneous as it was, came as a shock to us all, but to none with such bitterness and grief as to his own devoted family in his own home, among whom, without a moment's warning, he was stricken down and transferred from the bright and cheerful expressions of animation and life to the cold and mysterious silence of death.

Former Senator Vest, one of the greatest men, if not the greatest, that Missouri has ever produced, once said over the grave of a departed friend, "Every death is a tragedy." If the ordinary death from natural causes, after a lingering illness of days or weeks, is a tragedy, as the great Senator declared, how much more tragical was the sudden and unexpected demise of our friend Judge MADISON, who, in the midst of health, happiness, and hope, was suddenly stricken down by the cruel hand of death.

I attended the funeral of Judge MADISON at his former home in Dodge City, Kans., and witnessed there the unmistakable evidences of the high place he held in the confidence and in the hearts of his home people. The entire city was in mourning, the business houses were all closed, the schools dismissed, and 4,000 school children lined the streets to join in the universal expression of sorrow as his body was borne to and from the church. Sadness filled the hearts of all the people, and many of them wept as they spoke of the distinguished dead.

The citizens there—men, women, and children—all knew him and usually spoke of him as "Ed" MADISON, which to some might have seemed disrespectful, but to those of us who live in smaller cities or communities such familiarity is not repulsive, and especially to those of us who live among the associates of childhood and the friends of a lifetime, as such familiarity rather bears with it the priceless message of old and true friendship, the ties of which have grown stronger with the years of intimate association, joint responsibilities, and mutual sympathies.

In this age of the world the tendencies of the aspiring and ambitious seems to be to seek homes and fortunes in the great cities and the great centers of population, but I have often thought, and am prone now to believe, that the smaller city or community is preferable as an ideal home; and as I witnessed the great respect shown to the memory of Judge MADISON by his former neighbors and friends, as I heard them speak of the great value of his life work and his influence for good, and as I heard the beautiful expressions of their confidence and love for him in life and of their deep sorrow and the realization of the great loss they had sustained in his death, I was again deeply impressed with the belief that life in our smaller cities is not without its adequate compensation.

Judge MADISON was prominent and influential as a citizen; he was able and just as a lawyer and a judge; he was an honest and a faithful Representative in Congress; he was active in his support of his home churches, local lodges, and schools; he was a kind and affectionate husband, a loving and indulgent father, and left to his family the priceless inheritance of a spotless name. His life was an inspiration to the youth of the land, and his noble traits of character were worthy of the emulation of us all. His home people, who knew him best, loved him; they honored him in life and now all mourn his death, and we, his former associates in this House, join with them in praising his many virtues and in revering his memory.

Mr. NORRIS. Mr. Speaker, in rising in my place to pay my weak tribute to the memory of Judge MADISON I am performing a duty more painful than any that has been my lot since I have been a Member of this House. Of all my treasured friendships here his was the nearest and the dearest. I knew his ambitions. I knew his hopes. I knew his fears. I learned to respect him for searching wisdom, to admire him for his unflinching honesty, and to love him for his fearless courage. From abject poverty he struggled on until his master mind had placed him among the leaders of men who stand for nobler things, for higher ideals. In his great heart he felt the piercing cry of struggling mortals. With wisdom as his guiding star, with justice as his spear, with honor as his shield, and with mercy as his watchword he plunged into every struggle with a dauntless courage, utterly regardless of his own safety or his own welfare. His country was his idol, his conscience was his master, and humanity was his god. He never hesitated to defend what he believed to be right, and he always denounced evil wherever he found it. He believed—

To sin by silence when we should protest
Makes cowards out of men. The human race
Has climbed on protest. Had no voice been raised
Against injustice, ignorance, and lust,
The inquisition yet would serve the law
And guillotines decide our least disputes.
The few who dare must speak, and speak again,
To right the wrongs of many.

The story of his life is a glowing tribute to courage and fidelity. No man in public life was better fitted to perform our country's service. He knew the struggles of the poor. His heart responded to every pulse beat of the honest citizen. He sympathized with humanity's just demands against the heartless claims of avarice and greed, and his analyzing mind was able to solve all the perplexing problems of government and of state. Beneath our flag there was no place of honor and of trust that he could not have filled with distinction and with credit. He served our country well, but his service and his life redounded to the betterment of humanity everywhere. But in the midst of his usefulness, in the strength of his magnificent manhood, with his task yet uncompleted, with his work yet un-

finished, he was stricken down without warning and without notice. His death almost brings to our mortal minds a doubt of the wisdom and the justice of Providence.

Oh how strangely the course of nature tells,
By her small heed of earthly suffering,
That she was fashioned for a happier world.

Or is it not better to say that it all reminds us of an immortality, a future life, where the pains and ills of mortal man are lost in the realms of eternal bliss; an immortality where—

No grief shall gnaw the heart,
And never shall a tender tie be broken.

Weeping for the death of one so great, so faithful, and so true, we stand upon the shore of the silent river, and with mortal, tearful eyes we strive in vain to pierce the mists that rest upon its bosom and that enshroud the silent boatman and our departed friend upon his voyage to the unseen shore. And as we watch and wait the listening ear can hear the muffled dipping sound of the returning oar. At our tired feet the breaking of the rippling waves upon the sands reminds us that soon from out those mists there will be seen the determined face of the ever-returning boatman bearing a summons that we must obey. While we are waiting on this shore we can best honor the memory of our brother who is waiting on the other shore by always bravely fighting what is wrong and defending what is right, by courageously exposing and condemning wickedness and crime and honoring and protecting honesty and truth, and by being grateful to our Creator, true to our country, and merciful to all humanity, so that when our summons comes it may be said of us, as I now say of him—

One who never turned his back, but marched abreast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake!

Mr. GARRETT. Mr. Speaker, when one thinks of the death of our late colleague there irresistibly comes to his memory the familiar lines from the favorite poem of Lincoln:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

I have not had an opportunity to prepare that eulogy of our late colleague which his conspicuous merit not only justifies, but demands. It was my good fortune from the beginning of his service here to be thrown in close official and personal contact with him. We served together on the Committee on Insular Affairs, on the special committee appointed to investigate the Sugar Refining Co. and others, and had begun our service together as members of the Committee on Rules.

Of course, it is in the committee service, after all, that we have here the best opportunities for observing and measuring our colleagues, and from the beginning I was impressed with the splendid ability of this splendid man. A part of the service on Insular Affairs during the time that we served together was devoted to the investigation of the public-land administration in the Philippine Islands. In that investigation, as later in the Sugar Refining Co. investigation, I was impressed with the tremendous force of the man as a lawyer, and, of course, was impressed there, as we were always impressed here on the floor of the House and everywhere we met him, with the fairness and sense of justice that animated him.

Courage, candor, and courtesy were all blended in this man, and added to these were the superb intellect, the intuitive, instinctive grasp of public questions, and all these necessarily rendered him a leader among men. He would have been a leader in any body of men anywhere in the world. He had all the elements of leadership.

I had some opportunities to observe his family relations. I think it would not be possible to find in any home in this country or elsewhere a tenderer, sweeter, gentler affection than that which existed in the home and family of our lamented colleague. When he died his State suffered a distinct loss. When he died this country suffered a distinct loss. He was a man of ability; he was a man of absolute candor, and of vast and magnificent courage, and the Commonwealth or the country which loses a man who possesses these elements, coupled with the distinct ability which was possessed by Judge Madison, suffers a great loss, no matter what his partisan political affiliations may chance to be.

As I said in the beginning, Mr. Speaker, I have not had an opportunity to prepare that eulogy which I should have liked to prepare for delivery upon this occasion, but I should have felt that I had not done right if, after the close and pleasant relations which existed between our lamented colleague and myself, I had failed to at least appear here to voice my appreciation of his life and splendid character.

Mr. GARDNER of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, during my term of service many an admirable Member of this House has passed away, many an old friend has left us behind. And yet until to-day I have never unasked composed a eulogy. Such is the difficulty of formulating new words of praise that we all, as I believe, shrink from the reiteration of the many times told tale of affection and respect.

I am sadly aware that I can not satisfy even myself by any words which I may speak, still for all that I have asked permission to record my sober grief for MADISON's decease, my solemn pride in MADISON's remembrance.

Leadership in this House is not to be gained in a day, it is not to be gained by eloquence, it is not to be gained through favoritism, nor is it to be gained by good-fellowship. Long service, industry, thoroughness, learning, all help to make the leader; yet all these advantages together are nothing in the balance as compared with the one greatest quality of courage. When I see a Member of this House grasp a flaming brand which I do not dare to grasp, that Member can lead me. I saw MADISON tested and he was not found wanting. MADISON was an insurgent, MADISON was a progressive, but he was an insurgent and a progressive from conviction; not because insurgency and progressive views were popular. All this I know, because I saw MADISON's courage tried and proved. With a struggle for reelection in front of him, with an active labor vote in his district, I saw him arise in his place and I heard him condemn a labor measure which he believed to be wrong. There was everything for him to lose, nothing for him to gain. And yet, if in some happy hunting ground his spirit is conscious of our homage to-day, he must know that at least he gained the steadfast respect of a fellow man.

The Persians believe that for three days after the death of a good man the soul lingers close to his life-long friend, the body. On the fourth day the soul ascends in the company of his guardian angel to render his account at the gate of "Chinvat Bridge." In his upward journey, floating on the soft south wind, he meets his own astral self transformed into an entrancing figure of seraphic beauty. This figure reveals itself to him as the embodiment of his own good thoughts, good words, and good deeds.

Oh, if the Persian creed be true, with how transcendent a beauty must MADISON's astral self have dazzled his pure white soul!

Mr. YOUNG of Kansas. Mr. Speaker:

We know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death,
His mercy underlies.

I regard it as a sad privilege to assist in writing into the permanent records of this House a tribute that shall help to garland as with evergreens and adorn as with immortelles the memory of the life of EDMOND H. MADISON, and with his colleagues to stand uncovered in recognition of the real good of life as lived by him. On occasions like this we labor for suitable phrases and struggle for adequate sentences to do justice to such a life, and they come not—then it is that the impotency of words becomes apparent.

His colleagues may miss him in this Chamber, but Kansas most of all, for her people deeply mourn the great loss. Among the noted men of the Nation whom we all cherish Kansas, his beloved Commonwealth, has contributed many, among whom was the great commoner, the constructive statesman, the man of the people, Senator Preston B. Plumb, and that other eminent statesman, the matchless orator and master of the English language, who polished every word that fell from his lips until it reflected new meaning, embellished every phrase with increasing luster, and electrified every sentence with irresistible energy, and before whom every adversary trembled in debate, whose power and dignity is but feebly portrayed by the artist as seen in another hall of this Capitol, Senator John J. Ingalls; and to-day the country looks at that splendid galaxy and sees an added star, no less honored, no less loved, and no less brilliant in service to country and humanity than they.

It is said that life is a mystery and that death is simple and natural, yet the latter is always impressive. It has also been truthfully said that the span of life is marked by springtime and autumn, for if we will but lift up our eyes and behold under the shining canopy this day, we will see nature blossoming forth everywhere with verdure, life, and beauty. The green blades are coming forth, the buds are opening, the flowers are blooming, and all is radiant with the mystery of life; and in the last analyses the philosopher explains it not. Travel on until the chills of autumn are reached, with eyes earthward turned, and behold the leaf is seared, the blade is no more, the bud is gone, and the flower is dead upon the stock; and all along

the pathway, from spring to autumn, here and there, prematurely, blades decay, buds fail to open, flowers bloom no more, and great trees of the forest wither and die in midsummer; so it is in the pathway of human life, where, without a single note of alarm, our colleague fell by the wayside before the allotted time of man.

Life is often called a voyage—a journey from shore to shore. If so, his was but half completed, for the full-freighted bark, with all its precious cargo, suddenly went down in midocean.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" was the absorbing problem of the race for centuries.

The solemn singers and their songs,
The shrouded dead, the bier and pall;
Oh, death, mankind has waited long
To know if death shall end it all!

And the answer did not come until a voice on the Judean hills was heard to say, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Invert the torch and quench the light,
And let the darkness tomb enthral;
The star of hope gleams through the night;
Oh, loving hearts, death is not all.

There is no death; the stars go down,
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

Sharing the conviction entertained in nearly every breast, consciously or otherwise, that "man is immortal until his work is done," and being impressed with the magnitude of the burden resting upon his broad and untiring shoulders, and believing that public duty should not be at the mercy of those who gauge everything from the standard of selfishness and ambition, but that politics should be a science and not a scramble, he did not hesitate to undertake any task however great in the interests of his people and State. As he toiled on, his hosts of admiring friends never even suspected any weakness to be lurking in his apparently robust physique which would soon end all, and dispel their fond dreams that his career would go on for years to come.

Born of a lineage which has given a President to the country, reared by a godly father and mother in a home where luxury and idle hands were not supposed to have a place and where all understood and obeyed the divine law to go forth and earn bread by the sweat of the brow, he toiled at whatever his hands found to do, and was not ashamed of the grime of his hands or the garb of the laborer, but esteemed each the badge of honor in the sight of God, whom he early learned to love and serve as the whole duty of man. As a Christian, his faith and life were of the stalwart, sustained, even-going order which neither time nor season nor environment in anywise affected. He was unusually familiar with the Book and the hymnology of the church, and, while not pretentiously pious or demonstrative, he could repeat the Book and sing the old familiar songs of the church with such ability that those who heard were charmed with the sincerity of his devotion to the God taught him by a sainted father and mother.

As a youthful country school-teacher, the first rung up the ladder that has raised thousands up this country's true loyalty to positions of loftiest eminence, and that marked the way of the martyred Garfield from the towpath to the Presidency, he was himself a student, a scholar, and instructor.

From school-teacher he passed to law student and then to practitioner at the bar, where he soon found recognition as an able, trustworthy attorney, one in whom clients could place implicit confidence and whom courts from highest to lowest would hear, and to whom they gave full weight of consideration, respect, and accord. Chosen to the office of county attorney, he became the terror of evildoers and lawbreakers in his community, restoring order where lawlessness had reigned, bringing decency in place of dissipation, and a higher and cleaner civilization, which remains to this day.

Elevated to the judgeship of the district court, he pursued the same thoroughgoing course, and no man ever wore the judicial ermine with more dignity and credit to himself or satisfaction to the lovers of law and justice.

From the court, where he so evenly balanced the scales of justice between man and man, he was called by a confiding people to the greatest legislative body in the civilized world, where he exchanged the quiet of the courtroom to the fiercest forum in debate among men. Of his going in and coming out and service in this Chamber his colleagues are familiar. Of his life it may be truthfully said that he was singularly honest, conscientious, and upright in all his ways; clean clear through to his soul; modest as a child, but bold as a hero. He was always active, and performed with courage every duty that fell to his lot better than expected, and never disappointed; he was strong in thought, clear in statement, logical in argument, and was ever mindful of the feelings of others, never stooping

to innuendoes or biting sarcasm to humiliate an opponent at the expense of the dignity of debate.

He was therefore a wielder of mighty influence and the builder of a character so strong and towering that it commanded the profound respect and admiration of all with whom he came in contact:

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay;
A jewel in a ten times barred chest
Is a right spirit in a loyal breast;
Mine honor is my life; both grew in one;
Take honor from me and my life is done.

Antony's saying that "the evil men do lives after them," if true, would leave such men as EDMOND H. MADISON without memory among men. But it is not true. The good men do is their monument, and it lasts forever.

The heritage that he has left us in his flawless character and unsullied reputation, and the love and esteem in which he came to be held, not only by his colleagues but at home and abroad, is a more coveted distinction than the gift of the greatest office in the land and comes to the country in these times with a peculiar and indescribable benediction, the memory of which will be as pleasant as the murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright dreams of innocence.

EDMOND H. MADISON is gone, and we may long

For the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still;

and we are disappointed, yet somewhere, somehow, we feel there is a shoreless beyond, where no shadows fall, which is cooled by the perfume of Eden's flowers of every hue, that can not wither and shall not fade, and in that realm he has found that restful employment so beautifully described by Kipling:

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are.

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, over and above his great qualities, he was splendid in mental equipment, strong in conviction, quick in perception, alert to the inspirations of debate, and vigorous in his advocacy of a cause—there was another element in the late EDMOND MADISON which made the high place attained by him in public affairs remarkable. For while the attributes which Mr. MADISON possessed in superlative degree bring men into prominence congressionally, we know the process is usually slow. With Mr. MADISON the attainment was rapid. He had but two terms in Congress. Yesterday he was a stranger here; to-day known of all men. Quickly as he ascended, he was sure in every step upward, and there was no man's future in public life, before the black curtain fell between him and its splendors, more certain than his.

I remember his youth, for his start in life was in my country. Thirty years ago he was teaching school near Wichita—busy with the minds of an interesting group of children in Cook's schoolhouse, a red brick building, small, squat, solitary, and asleep in the sunshine beside a dusty prairie road. Eventually he came to town and studied law in the office of a pioneer, G. W. C. Jones, and when admitted to the bar he moved westward to Dodge City, where he rose quickly in public place and popular esteem from county attorney to district judge, from district judge to Congressman.

From the very beginning of his career he loved a campaign. The rostrum inspired him. Happiness was his at the soldiers' reunions, at the harvest picnics, and before the critical audiences that gather in the court rooms in the smaller towns of western Kansas. And in a State convention, in a nominating speech, he won early in his career a reputation that soon became State wide.

This gift of speech in him, and the joy of him in it, he brought to Washington and to Congress with some fear. We have talked often about it. His first speech here was a success, and from that moment his rise in Congress was signal. And yet that moment was to him, as it must be to all, one of anxiety and of quickening pulse—an ordeal. Yet the success of his first effort here, besides revealing to the membership the presence of a new strong mind, was in a way an epitome of his career, and, so far as a single individual can reflect it, the ever-recurring, fascinating story of the democracy, as it is developed at every session of Congress.

The House is never the sum of the individuals who compose it; it is in its aggregate something more, something less, and something quite different. It seems at times as elemental in its emotional equipment as a child, as quick in its reactions, as instinctive and as fanciful. If the mood be upon it, the House, in appreciative and responsive attention, can be the most subtly flattering of audiences, and it can be also unspeakably cruel and refined in applying the torture of its indifference. The 390 men, in this ability to listen sympathetically, are as any other audience similar in size; but the 390 men, as an audience that listens for a moment to a new Member and rejects the speaker, often without reason, displays a cruelty impossible in any ordinary audience or, indeed, in any one of the individuals present.

A new Member of Congress ordinarily recognizes the capacity of the House for this unconscious cruelty. He is also impressed and oppressed, as a rule, with the thought that the House is highly sensitive to first impressions and tenacious of them, once formed. His whole future, it often seems to him, may be wrecked upon a single effort.

There is, then, an added wreath to the victory of the first speech here when the idle glance the House turns at the sound of a strange voice evolves slowly from curiosity into interest and from interest into eager attention. There are many manifestations in this group of men who congregate under the rule of a restless and unavailing gavel, but there is none so close to a miracle as the marvelous silence of the noisy House when its interest commands silence. He who wins that silence by his eloquence, his logic, his information, has won a victory. There is no denying its sweetness.

Our colleague, Mr. MADISON, won it in his first speech—one dealing with the writ of injunction, a difficult subject—and he never sued for attention again in vain.

He won it by a certain remarkable gift, strongly evident in this speech—in fact, in all his longer addresses here—the gift of clarity of statement. If there be a technical definition for this in dialectics, I do not know it, but Mr. MADISON had a method of weaving his argument into the fine fabric of his statement with such skill that an opponent who granted any part of the premise was liable to be taken into camp, bound hand and foot. I have not seen this gift in anyone in the degree in which Mr. MADISON possessed it, here or elsewhere. It will be remembered by those who listened to his speeches on the writ of injunction, on the corporation tax, and on the rules of the House.

In the possession of this particular gift and what he wrought here with it, and his other attributes revealed in the consideration and debate of public questions, is the story of democracy as we see it unfold here day by day, as our friend MADISON saw it and eagerly shared in its development. Since any one of us has been in Congress the personality of Mr. MADISON stands distinct. That personality has not been repeated, and will not be. His type had not gone before and it will not come again. No two Congresses are alike. Each differs from its predecessors and from its successors. And this is as much because of the change of membership as of the change in political issues. The forms and usages of Congress—indeed, the brevity of tenure alone—would seem to doom all who come to be reshaped in a certain monotonous mold. But character, temperament, individuality persist. The variation of types the House shows is endless, and this circumstance changes the complexion of Congresses, and in the curious intermingling of personality and issue in debate gives color to the one and identity to the other; for in the House, as on the hustings, we personify our principles and look once at the platform and twice at the candidate.

Mr. MADISON was of the strong individualistic type. This was his characteristic and the roots of it ran far back. As he was, so were his forebears. They were pioneers. The fiber of self-reliance they gave him he strengthened. Noble in impulse, gentle and just in counsel, kindly in controversy, there was a certain largeness in his vision and broadness in his convictions that clothed him with extraordinary power among his colleagues. That power grew with its exercise and was making for Mr. MADISON, when he passed suddenly from among us, a more and more brilliant future in national life.

His district was the country of earth and sky—prairies that stretch floor-flat far to the unbroken circle of the horizon; a sky unobstructed and undiminished, answering to the magnitude and majesty of the plains. He loved the spell of the prairies. He longed often, when we talked together here in Washington, for the restful silence of the country that brings in its very monotony of landscape a man into closer relations with the profundities and nearer nature and nature's God.

He has passed on quickly from among us into the shadows where for each of us a grave is hidden. From out the dark there comes to us no guiding cry. Yet from somewhere in the silences, the silences that lie between the quick and the dead, sounds the earnest that is higher than hope, deeper than belief, the earnest that echoes always in the soul of the quick—that the dead live—the earnest that the spirit of our friend, the character it adorned, are and can not be of time, the earnest that they are and must be of eternity.

Mr. RUSSELL. Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. NEELEY], the successor of Judge MADISON, is unavoidably absent on account of official business, and I ask special privilege for him that he may extend his remarks in the Record upon the life and character of Mr. MADISON.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it will be so ordered.

There was no objection.

GENERAL LEAVE TO PRINT.

Mr. CAMPBELL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members of the House who may so desire may extend in the Record remarks on the subject of the life, character, and public services of the late EDMOND H. MADISON.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Kansas asks unanimous consent that all Members who may desire may extend in the Record remarks upon the life, character, and public services of the late EDMOND H. MADISON. Is there objection?

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

ADJOURNMENT.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution previously agreed to, and as a further mark of respect to the deceased, the House will now adjourn.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 12 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, April 15, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon.

SENATE.

MONDAY, April 15, 1912.

The Senate met at 12 o'clock m.

Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Secretary will read the Journal of the last legislative day's proceedings.

Mr. BRISTOW. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Senator from Kansas suggests the absence of a quorum, and the Secretary will call the roll.

The Secretary called the roll, and the following Senators answered to their names:

Ashurst	Cullom	O'Gorman	Smoot
Bacon	Cummins	Oliver	Stephenson
Borah	Curtis	Overman	Stone
Bourne	Fall	Owen	Sutherland
Brandegee	Fletcher	Page	Swanson
Briggs	Foster	Perkins	Thornton
Bristow	Gronna	Pomerene	Tillman
Brown	Johnson, Me.	Rayner	Townsend
Bryan	Jones	Root	Warren
Burnham	Lippitt	Sanders	Watson
Burton	Lodge	Shively	Wetmore
Cañon	McCumber	Simmons	Williams
Clark, Wyo.	Martine, N. J.	Smith, Ariz.	Works
Clarke, Ark.	Myers	Smith, Ga.	
Crawford	Nelson	Smith, Mich.	
Culberson	Nixon	Smith, S. C.	

Mr. SWANSON. I desire to state that my colleague [Mr. MARTIN] is detained from the Senate on account of illness in his family.

Mr. BURNHAM. I wish to announce that my colleague [Mr. GALLINGER] is necessarily absent.

Mr. JONES. I wish to announce that the junior Senator from Kentucky [Mr. BRADLEY] is unavoidably absent from the city; also that my colleague [Mr. POINDEXTER] is unavoidably detained from the Chamber.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Sixty-one Senators have answered to the roll call. A quorum of the Senate is present. The Secretary will read the Journal of the last legislative day's proceedings.

The Journal of the proceedings of Saturday last was read and approved.

THE METAL SCHEDULE (S. DOC. NO. 559).

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting, in response to a resolution of the 12th ultimo, a report prepared in the office of the United States Appraiser of Merchandise at the